APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

CHAPTER VI: TRUMPET BLAST

WE DIDN'T ALWAYS HATE THE HORSEMEN. YOU KNOW.

IN FACT, WE USED TO LOVE THEM.

WE WERE BORN FROM THEM. WE LOOKED UP TO THEM.

AND LIKE ALL CHILDREN, OUR FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO BECOME LIKE THEM.

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, CHILDREN OFTEN GROW TO RESENT THEIR PARENTS BECAUSE OF THE PART OF THEM THEY SEE IN THEMSELVES.

SADLY, WITH THE HORSEMEN, IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

AFTER THAT NIGHT, THEY RESENTED THE PART OF THEM THEY SAW IN US.

FEARED IT, EVEN.

SO THEY TURNED US AWAY.

THEY SAID THEY WERE SETTING US FREE. BUT WE ALL KNEW BETTER.

IT CRUSHED US.

HATRED WORST OF ALL.

THE TRUTH IS, WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITHOUT THEM. FULFILLING THE PROPHECY WAS ALL WE KNEW.

SO WE WENT ON WITH THE PLAN.

UNFORTUNATELY, NONE OF US WERE STRONG ENOUGH TO PUSH HUMANITY OVER THE EDGE.

ONCE THE HORSEMEN WERE GONE, WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE FINAL WORLD WAR TURNED INTO AN ERA OF PETTY FEUDS AND NONVIOLENT IDEOLOGICAL CONFLICTS.

THE BOMBS NEVER FLEW.

HATRED WAS HUMILIATED.

HE KEPT SAYING WE JUST WEREN'T READY YET. THAT WE HAD TO EVOLVE, TO BECOME STRONGER. STRONG ENOUGH TO FINISH THE JOB ONCE AND FOR ALL.

BUT FEVER AND I KNEW HIS THIRST FOR POWER WOULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

SO WE ALL WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

TO OUR OWN LITTLE CORNERS OF THE WORLD, FAR OUT OF THE HORSE-MEN'S FOOTSTEPS.

AND YET, NO MATTER HOW FAR WE GOT, OR HOW MUCH WE CHANGED...

WE NEVER FORGOT.

DESTINY CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING, LITTLE MAN.

IT'S LIKE TRYING TO OUTRUN YOUR OWN SHADOW.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. IT STILL CATCHES UP TO YOU.

MATE, WHEN I ASKED "WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU"...

THAT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION.

AHAH, BUT OF COURSE.

I DO APOLOGIZE, MONSIEUR. YOU MUST BE FAMISHED.

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO LOOK OVER OUR MENU FOR THIS EVENING?

BITE ME!

CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR.

OH BUT I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT, MONSIEUR.

YOU ARE OUR MOST ESTEEMED GUEST!

PLEASE DON'T BREAK INTO SONG...

NOW, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY ANYTHING FROM OUR WIDE SELECTION OF PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL TORMENTS?
OR ...
...SHALL WE JUST RESUME WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST TIME?
GNNH!

I... I BLOODY TRIED, ALRIGHT?

I CALLED ANGIE, AND SHE IGNORED ME, LIKE I SAID SHE WOULD.

YOU CAN FORCE ME TO KEEP CALLING ALL YOU LIKE, BUT THAT AIN'T GONNA CHANGE FUCK ALL!

I'M USELESS TO YOU, D'YOU UNDERSTAND ?

SO JUST KILL ME OR.. OR LET ME GO ALREADY.

DON'T BE SO MODEST, OSCAR. I HAVE PLENTY MORE USE FOR YOU.
BUT I SEE YOUR POINT. REPETITION CLEARLY ISN'T THE ANSWER HERE.
WE'LL HAVE TO USE A DIFFERENT APPROACH.

LET'S DIAL HER AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME, I'LL DO THE TALKING.

YOU JUST STAND THERE AND...

...LOOK INTIMIDATING.

REC

AAAARHH

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